

# Stephen Blaine Hailstone

Stephen Blaine Hailstone, 69, of Springville died Monday, May 19, 1997, at UVRMC, following an accident at home. He was born in Logan, Utah on March 15, 1928 to Calvin Lufkin Hailstone and Ruby Luella Anderson Hailstone. He married Lillian Joan Melville on May 8, 1951 in the Salt Lake Temple. He was a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He served in many positions, working mostly with the youth in the MIA. He also served as executive secretary and counselor in the Bishopric. He was Little League President. He served in the U.S. Navy during World War II. He enjoyed skiing, hunting, fishing, gardening, and animals. Together with his wife he owned and operated Hailstone Pets, in Provo, and the Hailstone Animal Inn in Springville. His family, children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren were the center of his life. He is survived by his wife Lillian of Springville; two daughters and two sons, Suzanne (Manuel) Carmona, Orem; LuCynda (Peter) Anderson, Waterville Valley, New Hampshire; Alexander (Trudy) Hailstone, Lindon; and Christopher (Susan) Hailstone, Lakeshore; fifteen grandchildren, ten great-grandchildren; one brother, Max Hailstone, Logan; and one sister, Helen (Courtney) Brown, Hyrum. Funeral services will be held Wednesday, May 21, 1997, at 11:00 A.M., at the Edgemont 5th Ward LDS Chapel, 350 East 2950 North, Provo. Friends may call Tuesday evening from 6-8 P.M., at the Berg Mortuary of Provo, 185 East Center Street, or Wednesday morning, at the Ward Chapel, one hour prior to services. Full military rites will be accorded by the VFW District #4. The family wishes to express their love and appreciation to family members, friends, and the staff at UVRMC.



and threatened by some teachers. I could name names but what would be the point?

I don't bring up this ancient history to score cheap points off educators. What I'd like to know is why I was the one who got bad grades for a substandard performance? What about the teachers? I got expelled at the flick of a wrist but it takes an act of God to get rid of a teacher.

On the other hand, I can't understand why the good teachers I had aren't millionaires today. Their Herculean efforts to reach the meager potential in the hood on the back row enabled me to become the quasi-functional citizen that I am today instead of the crime lord that I really wanted to be.

Mr. Freeze turned me on to history in the fifth grade when he told us about the Alamo in such vivid detail that Davy Crockett blew his last breath in my face. The consequence of which today is a consuming desire to know how things got to be the way that they are.

In the ninth grade, Mrs. Funderburk made me read "Shane." When I told her that the ending sucked, she made me rewrite the last chapter so that it ended my way. Mrs. Funderburk gave me my only B that year. She also set me on a meandering course that 30 years later has resulted in five published books with another eight in the works.

In the 10th grade, Coach Bennett made me stay after school for nothing off. When I missed the bus, he drove me the 20 miles home. He said something that I never forgot. "When you've got a big mouth, it's easier to talk your way into trouble than out."

Then there was the blessed